THE JFK ASSASSINATION: THE JIM GARRISON TAPES and THE WAR AGAINST THE INDIANS

Settling into John Barbour's concise, streamlined tracing of the late Jim Garrison's circuitous investigative trail, one can't help but notice parallels between Oliver Stone's high-falutin spectacle and this film's low-key collection of talking heads, diagrams and home movies depicting the events leading up to the glorious rise — and the dark years following the fall — of Camelot. (In the production notes, Stone boosts Barbour's film as the "perfect" companion piece to *JFK* — a nice bit of logrolling, given that the last few moments of the documentary pay high-tone homage to Stone and *his* film.) With no frills, no tricks and little ambience, this production has been pared down to the bare particulars — even the narrator's monotone is of a disquietingly remote timbre — and thus allows the information alone to create the drama. For all its kinetic and showy seductiveness, *JFK* presented a blur of facts backed by full-blast aural and visual stimuli; here, the information surfaces unhindered, and is thus easier to catalog and comprehend. Humanizing all this is the voice and wise visage of Garrison, retelling his own story of the difficult price paid for pursuing a truth and taking a stand. An equally oft-told tale (especially of late), *The War Against the Indians*